This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Royal Love Lyrics,

FROM

ROYAL LOVE LETTERS,

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"My Dear! O would that all my duty
"Was but to serve my darling Beauty!
"To gaze, and kindle at thy charms,
"And life to spend in thy fond arms;
"And if it would not be too heavy,
"I there would always hold my levee!
"For no one sure would be in dudgeon,
"Except some Jacobine Curmudgeon."

"Ne'er fear, my Love! for any fling,
"While that right merry droll Canning,
"That Mountebank, tho' not in place,
"With flourish, nonsense, and grimace,
"Of best buffoon, gross, pompous, apish,
"And Perceval, who hates a Papish."

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. COXHEAD, 420, STRAND.

1809.

Printed by W. GLINDON, 48, Rupert-Street, Coventry-Street.

280 e 271

Digitized by Google

BODLEIAN
27·6·1911
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE circumstances attending my having to usher the following elegant compositions into the world, are somewhat curious. A few nights back, in the midst of revelling and enjoyment, I was accosted by an unknown person, who, after apologizing for the liberty he was going to take with me, produced a manuscript, and begged that I would look over it, and get it published. I was not, as may well be supposed, a little surprised, at such a request, and excused myself, by saying, how badly qualified I conceived myself for the task of a Critic and Editor, and also saying, that I did not think I would be justifiable in undertaking to publish a composition, of the nature of which I was ignorant. He assured me, that the composition was not only innocent, but highly interesting and instructive, that though

Digitized by Google

the Author and I were not personally acquainted, my judgment and taste were highly valued by him, and that it was therefore I was requested to undertake the editing it, as he himself who was the Author's *fast* friend, was prevented, by the urgency of business of the first consequence to him, from bestowing as much attention as it deserved, on what the Dedication, the Preface, the Notes and Comments written by himself, would shew he had bestowed so much care. He said, that every moment's delay in publishing it was a wrong on the republic of literature, and kept from the public so much innocent delight and instruction, and that all, that was required of me, was to supply any deficiency I should see in his own notes and comments. On hearing him so profuse in his praises of it, I considered that it would be a crime in me to persist any longer in my refusal, and consented to what he required, provided I should find his representation not overcharged. He thanked me, and said, that when he should see me again, as he would take care

Digitized by Google

to do, after the publication, (which he was confident I would be happy, on examining the composition, that I had the good fortune to have an opportunity of lending my assistance to) he would thank me again and again in his own name, in that of the Author, and in that of the Public, on whom I would have had conferred such an obligation. Then repeating a request, that I would not delay the publication longer than I should find absolutely necessary, he took his leave and left the room. Curiosity immediately impelled me take a peep at my treasure, and I withdrew into a corner, where I had no sooner opened the manuscript, than, alas! a servant passing by with a tray loaded with wines, liquors, and slops, of which I believe the devil was the compounder, stumbled, and deluged my unfortunate manuscript with all the mixed contents of the tray. Stung to the quick at this unlucky accident, I hurried home to repair, if possible, what had happened, but found, to my extreme mortification, that most of the manuscript was so

Digitized by Google

damaged, as not to be legible. The following Dedication, Letters, and Poems, with the Notes signed Commentator, or C., were the only things that were preserved entire; but they were but a small part of what I had received. Some few fragments in prose and verse, up and down, I have been able to make out, which are given in a detached form. I could perceive that there was a long preface, I believe, explaining the occasion and the circumstances of the Letters and Poems; the connection of the parties; with, as far as I can guess, some anecdotes concerning them, as I decypher in one part the DUKE, in another, Mrs. C——KE, in another, General C——R——G, Captain S—ND—N, with the initials, as I thought, of other names, as D. B. T. S. F. C. K. &c.

I have made every enquiry in my power about the person who gave me the manuscript, but have not been able to discover any thing concerning him. The W. subscribed to the Dedication, must certainly be the initial of his name. It is the hope of

Digitized by Google

seeing him again, induces me to publish the following remains of his manuscripts. My opinion of them is not certainly so high as his great praises of them would lead me to think they deserved. Though the Letters and Poems are exceedingly tender, warm, and well-written, and shew no small knowledge of the human heart, and no inconsiderable degree of understanding, still I cannot find in them all that instruction and morality which I understood from my unknown friend they contained. But, as they are but a small part of what I received, I confess it is not very candid in me, to build my opinion on this little sample, which, I must own, is no mean specimen of ingenuity of wit, vigor of thought, tenderness of heart, and elegance of composition. I hope, if ever I shall have the good fortune to see the unknown again, according to his promise, to procure a fresh copy of what was destroyed, and to be able to favour the Public with the entire, which I hope will prove as beneficial to the world at large, and to this country in particular, as I

Digitized by Google

was led to expect. As for myself, I claim no merit, but that of editing what remained undestroyed, and of writing the few Notes, which are signed Editor, or E.

EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

TO

THE LEARNED

IN THE

Tactics of Love and Heroism,

THE FOLLOWING TRULY TENDER AND SUBLIME EFFUSIONS

OF A TRULY

AMOROUS AND HEROIC SOUL,

ARE DEDICATED

BY THE

TRULY NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS

AUTHOR's

FRIEND,——W.

I have been bewildering myself in trying to make out what name W. was here the Initial of; but as there are so many Names beginning with W. as WILBERFORCE, WHITBREAD, WARDLE, &c. I gave it up as an useless enquiry.——Editor.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LETTER I.

Aug. 4, 1803.

"LOVELY CHARMER OF MY SOUL,

"HOW can I sufficiently express to My Sweetest, My Darling "Love, the delight which her dear, her pretty letter gave me, or "how much I feel all the kind things she says to me in it? Millions "and millions of thanks for it, MY ANGEL! And *be* assured that "my heart is fully sensible of your affection, and that upon it alone "its whole happiness depends.—I am, however, quite hurt that My "Love did not go to the Lewes Races—how kind of her to think of "me upon the occasion; but I trust that she knows me too well "not to be convinced that I cannot bear the idea of adding to those "sacrifices which I am but too sensible that she has made to me.— "News, My Angel cannot expect from me from hence; for the "life I lead here is in the family, and I am hurrying to leave this, "that I may the sooner return to clasp my Angel in my arms. Ex- "cept Lord Chesterfield's family, there is not a single person except "*ourselves* that I know. Last night we were at the Play, which "went off better than the first night.—Dr. O'Meara called upon me "yesterday morning, and delivered me your letter; he wishes much "to preach before Royalty, and if I can put him in the way of it I "will.—What a time it appears to me already, My Darling, since "we parted; how impatiently I look forward to next Wednesday "se'nnight!—God bless you, my own Dear, Dear Love! I shall "miss the Post if I add more; Oh! believe me ever, to my last hour, "Your's and Your's alone."

LETTER II.

Aug. 24, 1804.

"MY DEAR LITTLE ANGEL,

"HOW can I sufficiently express to my Darling Love my "thanks for her dear, dear letter, or the delight which the assur- "ances of her love give me? Oh, My Angel! do me justice and

Digitized by Google

" be convinced that there never was a Woman adored as you are.—
" Every day, every hour, convinces me more and more, that my
" whole happiness depends upon you alone. What a time it appears
" to be since we parted, and with what impatience do I look forward
" to the day after to-morrow; there are still however two whole
" nights before I shall clasp My Darling in my arms!—How happy
" am I to learn that you are better; I still however will not give
" up my hopes of the cause of your feeling uncomfortable. Cla-
" vering is mistaken, My Angel, in thinking that any new regiments
" are to be raised; it is not intended, only second Battalions to the
" existing Corps; you had better, therefore, tell him so, and that
" you were sure that there would be no use in applying for him.—
" Ten thousand thanks, My Love, for the handkerchiefs, which are
" delightful; and I need not, I trust, assure you of the pleasure I
" feel in wearing them, and thinking of the dear hands who made
" them for me.—Nothing could be more satisfactory than the tour
" I have made, and the state in which I have found every thing.—
" The whole of the day before yesterday was employed in visiting
" the Works at Dover, reviewing the troops there, and examining
" the coast as far as this place. From Folkstone I had a very good
" view of those of the French camp.—Yesterday I first reviewed the
" camp here, and afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons, who are
" certainly in very fine order; and from thence proceeded to Bra-
" bourne Lees, to see four regiments of Militia; which altogether
" took me up near thirteen hours.—I am now setting off immedi-
" ately to ride along the coast to Hastings, reviewing the different
" corps as I pass, which will take me at least as long. Adieu, there-
" fore, My Sweetest, Dearest Love, till the day after to-morrow,
" and be assured that to my last hour I shall ever remain, Your's
" and Your's only.

Tonyn's affair shall be as it is.—God bless you my Love!

Your's.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS,

FROM THE PREFACE.

IT is evident that Lyric, Ode and Song are synonymous. They are all written in verse, and to be sung to music; and the only difference is, that the appellation "Song" is more commonly given to the poem or verses which we sing, than Ode or Lyric. It is no disparagement, therefore, to an Ode or Lyric, however sublime, elegant, or tender, to be composed to a popular tune or air; nor is it the less valuable for being called a Song.

* * * * * *

How does French use you, Darling?

* * * * * *

If Master French does not take better care of what he is about, I will cut up him and his levy too.

* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

That French is always asking something.

* * * * * *

You have more interest than the Queen of England.

* * * * * *

He takes a dog, my Love! Is not he a very pretty one?

* * * * * *

Is it not a pretty picture, and well set? The diamonds at least make it——

Digitized by Google

LYRIC I.

I WISH this Ode was set to music: I am sure it is worthy of the sweetest notes. It is a very spirited and nervous composition, sparkling with elegance and wit, while at the same time it displays much genuine passion. The "O," at the end of the second and last lines of some of the verses, adds considerably to their familiar beauty.—*Commentator.*

MY dearest, dearest, pretty dear!
My pretty darling little Love, O!
My little Angel! why not here?
For how without thee can I move, O!
Doodle, doodle, doo.

How dull, my Sweety! is this place?
For nought but family is here O!
O, how I long for thy embrace,
And in my arms to clasp my dear O!
Doodle, &c.

Digitized by Google

A thousand, thousand thanks, and more,
For your dear sugar-candy letter;*
My darling Love! then you adore
Your Royal Ram,† than Clarke, O! better.‡
Doodle, &c.

How sweetly handkerchiefs you make,
I'll love them dear as brand-bottle;
For your dear little finger's sake,
How sweet they'll tie round Royal throttle.
Doodle, &c.

O, million, million blessings light
On the dear little hands that made 'em!
O, had I here those hands last night,
With what dear kisses I'd have paid 'em!
Doodle, &c.

---

* "For your dear sugar-candy letter"—is more poetical than the prose: "your dear, dear, pretty letter," as it brings together a greater number of images. First, it brings to our mind sugar, which is one of the greatest sweets; then we have the idea of that sweet refined by candying; then we, by association, immediately catch the idea of childishness, which is so fond of "sugar-a-candy;" and then the natural conclusion occurs, that the letter is as sweet to the wise *Author*, as sugar-a-candy is to the *silly babe*.—*Comm.*

† "Your Royal Ram."—Here the Author, with a richness and fertility of imagination peculiar to himself, alludes to the beautiful and pathetic story of the Royal Ram in the Fairy Tales, in which the Author was deeply read, and to which, one would think, his reading was chiefly confined.—*Comm.*

‡ "Than Clarke, O, better!"—It is to be lamented that the Commentator's note on this passage has suffered so much, as to be illegible. I suppose

Digitized by Google

O, let my pretty little heart
Take care of her dear little health, O !*
For sooner would her warrior part
With all his army, and his wealth, O !†
Doodle, &c.

Your qualms are o'er, I hope and pray;
O, would they bring a little urchin,
As Papa fond, as Mama gay!
You nee'r need fear to be the lurch in.‡
Doodle, &c.

---

this Clarke must have been some man nearly connected with the "dear little Angel" to whom the Lyric is addressed. The interjection "O!" before "better," gives an infinite tenderness to the expression.—*Editor.*

* "Take care of her dear little health, O!"—A paraphrase of the prose: "How happy am I to learn that you are better."—How greatly does the "little health" add to the tenderness of the expression! The ancients were very fond of diminutives, in expressing affection or fondness, as *parvule*, &c. Augustus called Horace his "homunculus," that is, "his "dear little man." After his example, my Author uses on all occasions those doting terms, "dear, little, sweet," &c. as may be seen every where in his prose and verse compositions.—*Comm.*

† One of the Scaligers said, he would rather be the Author of a certain Ode of Horace's, than master of kingdoms. How much more natural, and therefore more noble, is it to give up a kingdom, or what is nearly the same, armies and wealth, for a "dear little Angel" of a Mistress. Had Scaliger seen this Ode of my Author's, I fancy he would not think so highly of Horace's Ode. "All for Love, or the World well lost," would, I think, be a good motto for such a person as the Author.—*Comm.*

‡ The prose passage is, "I still, however, will not give up my hopes of "the cause of your feeling uncomfortable." The verse is certainly more explicit, and at the same time more passionately fond. What a sweet expression for hoping she was with child, is, "O, would they bring a little

Digitized by Google

How bless'd, alone those charms to share,
Which many found so sweet before, O !*
Then give me all your chains to wear,
For none but I must wear them more, O !†
Doodle, &c.

And then, my little Fairy Queen,‡
You'll be the Goddess of your Mars, O !
By Clav'ring and such heroes seen
The patroness of bays for wars, O !§
Doodle, &c.

"Urchin!" And then how passionate, "as father fond," that is, fond, fond as himself: and, "as Mama gay," that is, gay as the "dear little Angel." And how sportive the expression, "to be the lurch in;" to be left in the lurch.

* It is surprising that the Commentator should have made no note on this; and I cannot find any trace of one. I suppose the "dear little Angel of the Author was admired and addressed by many, before the Author paid his addresses to her; and he congratulates himself on engrossing her, as he supposes, entirely to himself.—*Editor.*

† "Then give me all your chains to wear," &c.—How passionately fond this is in a warrior and commander to his mistress. Yet we must remember, that he was not the first *invincible* Hero that became slave to a fair one. Hercules resigned his club and his lion's skin, and handled the distaff, and sighed at the feet of Omphale. We may add, that Mars himself was so bewitched by love, as to be entrapped in chains with Venus; but that was a waggish trick of Master Vulcan's, to expose the warrior's God to ridicule. Surely we need fear no Vulcan's now-a-days, even amongst the Opposition. —*Comm.*

‡ "My little Fairy Queen!"—This is an allusion to the Fairy Tales, in which the Author, as I remarked before, was so well read.—*Comm.*

I think the Commentator is mistaken here, and should suppose that the allusion was rather to Spencer's Poem, the Fairy Queen, of which the Author may, at least, have heard.—*Editor.*

§ Here again the Commentator's note is illegible, and we can only surmise

O, how thou art belov'd, my Love!
And ten times dearer ev'ry minute;
Thy absence makes each second prove
A world of years, and all Hell in it.
Doodle, &c.

My little dearest Darling! why,
Why wer't thou not at Lewes races?
For doing nothing there was I,
But looking for thee in all faces.
Doodle, &c

But I know well all thou hast borne,
My pretty Sweet-heart! for my pleasure;*
And more and more each night and morn
Prove how thou art my only treasure.
Doodle, &c.

My only Life, and life's delight!
What I do here, how can I tell, O?
My tears and wine are mix'd all night,
And I call thee my pretty Belle, O!
Doodle, &c.

---

that Clavering was some hero, who had been obliged, or perhaps materially benefitted, by this "dear little Angel," who, it would appear, had the distribution of rewards and honours; as it is plain, that by "patroness," is meant disposer or distributor of bays, or rewards for military services:—*Editor.*

* The prose is, "But I trust that she knows me too well, not to be convinced that I cannot bear the idea of adding to those sacrifices which I am but too sensible that she has made to me."—The poetry is here more concise, and therefore more vigorous.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

But yes, my little Angel Dear!
I'll give thee ev'ry stir of mine, O!*
At night reviews, when all is clear,
I say the soldiers all are fine, O!†
Doodle, &c.

And now to Hastings off full soon,
Then on Love's wings for my own Love, O!
O! then a whole, whole honey-moon
In one dear little night we'll prove, O!‡
Doodle, &c.

Prepare, my little Love! prepare
That little bosom for thy lover;
Who's thine, and thine, and thine alone,
'Till life, and death, and all are over.
Cocky doodle, doodle, doo.

---

* "I'll give thee every stir of mine, O!" that is, I'll tell thee every stir of mine; I'll communicate every stir by letter; not surely that she should feel every stir of his, but that she should be informed of every stir.—*Comm.*

† We have here again to regret the obliteration of the Commentator's note. What is meant by night-reviews, I cannot discover. Surely no commander would attempt to review troops by night, when he could do it by day! he would not shew such an example. I suppose the expression, "I "say the soldiers all are fine, O!" does not allude to what he says at such reviews, but to the sentence in his letter:—"the 14th light dragroons, which "is certainly a very fine body of men." Perhaps he may mean reviews of wine, or reviews over the bottle, like Alexander, who, in such reviews, "fought all his battles o'er again, and thrice he routed, &c.—*Editor.*

Digitized by Google

LYRIC II.

AIR—"*Corporal Casey.*"*

MY dainty dear Darling, and prettiest Pretty!
How sweet is your Letter, how clever, how witty!
O! may you be always so gay and so easy,
And never may aught come to vex or to teize ye.

How good and how kind of my dear little creature,
Who has nothing but goodness in every sweet feature,
To lose e'en one thought on her slavish adorer,
Who never knew any thing pleasant before her.

Be assured, my Delight! all my joy and my pleasure,
Is to love thee, my Love! beyond all bounds and measure;
And I hope, O my Darling! my dearest and dearest!
My sighs e'en from this lonely distance thou hearest.

* This Air is very well adapted to a Warrior's Love Lyric, as it was first used by a Corporal, who, though low in rank, may be as brave, and perhaps, too, as fit for command as his commander in chief. As I said in the Preface, on examination it appears evident, that Ode, Lyric, and Song, are synonymous. This Lyric, therefore, is not at all let down in dignity, by having a familiar air, and being likely to become a familiar and favourite Song; for certainly, if it have not merit, it will not obtain much popularity.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

But O, my Delight! O, my Life, and my Jewel!
Was it not of my own little Love something cruel,
Not to be at the race, where was nought half so stupid
As for his little Venus thy own doating Cupid.*

But I know well you sacrific'd too much before for me,
And how could I let my Love *stake* any more for me?
O, my Love! then believe that my highest of blisses
Will be to repay thee with comfits and kisses. †

. . . . . .

And I'll be thy Cupid, and thou'lt be my Venus,
Nor shall ever but Darling and Dear pass between us,
And thou'lt be my lovee, and I'll be thy Deary,
And we'll be both frisky, and whisky, and cheery. ‡

---

* This is a pretty turn to the prose—"I was quite hurt that my Love "did not go to the Lewes Races."—"Where was nought half so stupid," expresses very finely the pining torpor of a lover in the absence of his mistress, when he almost "forgets himself to stone."—The appellation of his "little Venus" to her, and "her *doating* Cupid" to himself, is very classical and elegant, and shews that he read, or at least looked into the Pantheon. By doating, no one surely can think, that what is meant, is weak, foolish, or absurd; but fond, loving to extremity, adoring to madness.—*Comm.*

† Comfits may be understood either literally or metaphorically. Comfit is, literally, a dried sweet-meat, which, with his kisses, the Author may think good payment for the "many sacrifices his little Angel made for him;" or he may mean to pay her with Comfits in their literal and metaphorical sense, that is, with his dried sweatmeats, and with all his good things.—*Comm.*

‡ "Whisky" does not mean here the strong Irish spirit, but the adjective or attribute of the verb, to whisk, *i. e.* to skip, to hop, &c.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

I last night went to see how the plays here were acting,
And saw he-things and she-things such sweet things enacting;
O, then, how I sighed for my own dearest Clarkey!
And I said, why not here with thy own dearest spark-y?

News, my Angel! from this place you must now expect none,
For Lord Chesterfield save, Love! I here can respect none;
And the family ways are so foolish and heavy;
How I long to be back at my Clarke's roaring levee! *

My Love! from the Reverend Doctor O'Mara
I got your love-letter, fal-lal-de-ra-lar-ra;
He is burning to preach before Majesty royal,
And I'll get him in there, though *his O* is not *loyal*.†

---

* The first line expresses the meaning of the prose—"News my Angel "cannot expect from hence;" the second line—"*except* Lord Chesterfield's family, there is not a single family here *except ourselves* that we know;" the third line—"the life I lead here is in the family;" but the fourth line is a very lively and happy turn of—"I am hurrying to leave this." The roaring levee is a very sprightly idea.—*Comm.*

† This is very fine and natural. How well does his bursting out into the exclamation—"Fal-lal-de-ra-lar-ra," express his ecstacy at getting her love-letter! The prose is—"Doctor O'Mara called upon me, and gave me your "letter. He wishes much to preach before Royalty, and if I can put him "in the way of it, I will."—*Comm.* Here the Commentator's note is ren-

Digitized by Google

O were I, my Honey! my own K—gly Father,
One kiss from that dear pouting lip I would rather,
Than all the best things of my own little mother,
For thou art my Darling, and I'll have no other. *

Let our heroes enjoy all their glory of battle,
With their wounds and their scars, and their thunder and rattle;
They must bend at your shrine with—you know what—devotion,
For 'tis in your smiles, Love, they'll read their promotion †.

---

dered illegible.—"Majesty royal," is a very pretty expression; but what is meant by—"his O is not loyal." I cannot conceive. O, stands for nought. But he could not mean to say, that nought was loyal. Besides, the "his" before the "O" destroys this construction. Is it meant that the O in his name makes him not to be loyal? If so, how many illoyal have we in our army and navy! Ireland is a nest of illoyals. Yet I think it is very magnanimous, though some people may say, not very prudent, to keep Ireland disloyal by shewing hatred towards her inhabitants for such a wise reason as that of having "O" prefixed to their names; and for another reason equally wise, that of their being Catholics, and believing in the real presence. When we have so many enemies as threaten us at present, it shews the greatest valour to wish rather to increase than diminish the number.—*Comm.*

* "And I'll have no other," is a very tender promise. Surely "the "promise of lovers should never be forgot." I suppose the "dear little "Angel" will give the author many enviable hours.—*Editor.*

† Here we have again to lament the loss of the Commentator's note. It is plain, that from the expression—bend at her shrine—and from the Author's before saying that he himself adored her, that he thought her a Goddess; though I suppose it was not, as Little's song is, "He thought her "a Goddess, she thought him a Fool." How the heroes would read their pro-

Digitized by Google

God bless thee, my Love! O, God bless thee! God bless thee!
How I long in my arms fast to squeeze and to press thee!
Remember, O think on me, think on thy Fredy,
Who'll more than 'till death to his Deary be steady.

---

motion in her smiles is what I cannot understand, but by supposing that her smiles were so bewitching, that they could confer as much happiness as rank or office; or that they may be more powerful in gaining rank or office than any service of heroes or soliers, however good or great.—*Editor.*

Digitized by Google

LYRIC III.

THIS is the most tender and pathetic, or at least one of the most tender and pathetic, of all the Odes. The measure of it would of itself be enough to affect most deeply any heart. But when to the measure is added the exquisite pathos of the sentiments, how must it melt the reader of the least sensibility. The measure of it is taken from Swift's famous Court Song:—

"Cupid, God of rosy pinions!
"Gently use a broken heart;
"I a slave in thy dominions,
"Nature must give way to art."

But it is more affecting than Swift's. It is a soul-dissolving strain. It languishes and pines, in all the melancholy and enthusiastic softness of love. I do not think it has as yet been set to music.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

O ! MY dear, dear little Angel !
How can I express my thanks ?
Sweetest, darling, lovely Angel !
'Bove my life your letter ranks.*

O, the pretty, pretty letter !
What dear tumults it imparts !
Which declares you love me better
Than pies, cakes, or apple tarts.†

Million, million, benedictions
Fast be falling on thy lap ;
And beyond all contradictions,
I'll thy boy be on the gap.

O, my Angel ! ne'er was woman
Lov'd or worship'd so before,
By mad soldier, sailor, yeoman,
As, my Love ! I thee adore.‡

---

* This Ode begins with the very beginning words of one of the letters, only repeating the dear twice, to render it more fond, as it certainly does. As for "Angel" answering for rhyme to "Angel," it is a *princi-poetico* licence ; and who could refuse to allow it? "How can I express my "thanks," are almost the very words of the prose :—"'Bove my life your "letter ranks." Such a sentiment could not be conceived but by a real lover.—*Comm.*

† "Than pies, cakes," &c. is very animated, as it brings him into competition with those good things, of which a warrior and his mistress may supposed to be very fond.—*Comm.*

‡ This stanza is very affecting and faithful to the prose. "O m

Digitized by Google

All ye soldiers! with devotion
To my darling Goddess bend;
Him who gives my Love emotion,
Like good DOWLER I'll befriend.

Behold! behold your great Commander
Bend to her the pious knee;
What man of flesh could e'er withstand her,
When she smiles so full of glee?*

Ev'ry day, my Love! convinces
More and more my doating breast,
Which for thee, Love! always winces,
More than ever gall'd hack press'd.

How thou art my only Darling,
How on thee my all depends;
Dear, as freedom to the Starling,
Are to me thy smallest ends.†

"gel! do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored "as you are."—By mad soldier," &c. heightens the picture very much. It says, that never any other woman was loved to madness, or adored as she was.—*Comm.*

* Here we want two of the Commentator's notes. The Author speaks to or addresses, I suppose, all his army as if present. This good "Dowler" was some person who, I dare say, often bent to her in devotion, and to whom therefore the Author had been kind. In the next stanza he bends the knee, nay, and the pious knee, too, to her himself. I suppose he must have been in the habit of going on his knees to her. "What man of flesh," that is, of flesh and blood, or of humanity, or the feelings of nature, could refuse going on his knees to her, her smiles are so bewitching.—*Editor.*

† The prose is, "Every day, every hour, convinces me more and more

Digitized by Google

How I long for after-morrow,
Then returning to my Love
I shall lose all sense of sorrow;
Sure abroad thoul't then not rove.

O, my Princess! O, my Dido!
How I'll then pour out my heart;
For, my Love! my highest pride, O!
Is that thour't my soul's best part.

Strew, my Love! the dearest pillow.
On the bed, or on the couch;
How thy arms I then will fill, O!
For I'll bring all love's cartouche.

And raise love's own rosy streamer,
To exclude all thought and care;
Cannon's, drum's, nor trumpet's clamour
Shall disturb the loving pair.

"how my whole happiness depends on you alone." The allusion to Shakespeare's expression, "the galled jade winces," is finely introduced. Those two stanzas are very rich in allusion. The reference in the second, to Sterne's famous story of the Starling, is very well imagined. "How on "thee my all depends," is more forcible than the prose.—*Comm.* I wonder the Commentator makes no mention of what is meant by "her smallest ends." I should suppose it to be her smallest intentions are dear to him as freedom is to the Starling.— *Editor.*

Digitized by Google

O, my Love! how then in clover,
Happy as the best fed bull,
Will be thy fond Royal Lover,
When of good things I'll be full.*

O, my lovely Love! entrancing!
I am thine, and thine alone;
Hark! the post is now advancing;
O! adieu my precious stone.

---

* This brings a number of images and classical allusions together. The fine season of the year, when the clover is in bloom; then the well fed bull. Then Jupiter, who became a bull for Europa, comes to our view. Then the simile or the comparison of "the fond Royal Lover, of good things full;" to "the bull in clover," is very happily imagined. The Author certainly heard of Jupiter.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

LYRIC IV.

AIR—"*Paddy O Rafferty.*"

THIS is a sprightly air, but I wonder, as he seems to dislike "O" so much, he chose it.—*Editor.*

MY dear little Angel! my dearest dear Juno!
My feelings and love, for my Love!. I hope you know.
What thanks for your darling dear pretty epistle;
O! which, shall I dance, sing, or leap, frisk, and whistle?
How charming and sweet is its dear little diction!
Be just, O, my Angel! and have a conviction
That thou art ador'd above all God's creation,
For sweet to my soul was your dear, dear oblation.

How joyful it is to your own faithful lover
To find that his sweetest sweet's illness is over;

Digitized by Google

Yet the consequence, Love! why I hope that it may be
A tight little lump of—You Rogue! a sweet baby.
Then I will be truly your FREDY PHILASTER,
And you'll be my Goddess! my own alabaster;
And in my best cap, O! you'll be the best feather,
And I hope 'tw'on't be ruffled by wind or by weather!

You know how, My Soul! Master FRENCH sav'd his bacon,
But General Clav'ring, my Love! is mistaken;
So 'bout regiments new let him spare application,
For 'twould be but causing us both botheration.
And 'tis better, my Love! not be always a growler,
And be like, not that FRENCH, but your fine fellow DOWLER.
Tho' your in'trest, as 't should be, is greather than mother's,
At once all I can't do, tho' I were all my brothers.

Ten thousand dear thanks for your handkerchiefs, Charmer!
They'll be Cupids own stocks, or e'en sweeter and warmer;
I'll think they were made by Love's thimble and needle,
And those little fingers, with which you so wheedle;

Digitized by Google

Then their hem, O, my Dear! I will eat with my
kisses;
While Fancy will shew thee my sweetest of blisses!
O; then how I'll long my own life's flesh to handle,
More, more than the good things of all Coroman-
del.*

I yesterday went to the strong works of Dover,
Then to Folkstone,† O, hard name! thence took a
peep over
At the French dogs, who seem'd like mad lightning
and thunder;
But while the wide ocean keeps us both asunder,

---

* The prose, "Ten thousand thanks, my Love!" &c. will be in the reader's recollection, both from the letter, and from a note on a passage in another Ode. "The dear thanks," adds much to the warmth and fondness of the expression. "The stocks of Cupid," is a very ingenious expression. Stocks, not prisons for the legs, but neck-cloths. Then his giving a thimble and needle, instead of a bow and arrow, as weapons to Love or Cupid, is very poetical. Then "her little fingers," and "his eating the hem of the "handkerchiefs with kisses," there is exquisite fondness displayed in. "My sweetest of blisses," I think, is a prettier, or rather finer expression than Horace's "Dulcissime rerum." His calling her his "own life's "flesh," is inexpressibly fond; and then his preferring her to all the good things, and the riches of the coast of Coromandel, shews what a high value he set on his "dear little Angel."—*Comm.*

† What particular hardness there is in the name Folkstone, it is not easy to understand, if there be not a pun meant on the latter syllable of the work, "Folkstone," as hard as a stone. There is a Member in the House of Commons of that name; but surely there can be no allusion to him.—*Editor.*

Digitized by Google

They may go on, my Love! with their firing and rattle,
If I can enjoy your dear sweet pretty prattle;
For that prattle a Bishop would give up his preaching,
And King, Lords, and Commons, would leave off their speeching.

The 14th Dragoons are, my Angel, quite fine, O!
Now Pell-Mell to Hastings I speed off to dine, O!
Then home, thee, my Lily! with busses to cover;
O! then we will feast, and we'll have a passover;
Have brandy and claret, and every choice dish up,
And ev'ry thing fit for a Clarke and a Bishop;
We will riot and revel, O! revel in pleasure,
And our joys we will share in full measure for measure.

O! speed on, ye hours! on the wings of the eagle,
For not truer to hare's sent was e'er panting beagle,
Than I to my Love in each ramification,
And always will be to my last palpitation.*

* What a fine prosopœpia is this! He personifies the hours, and desires them to use the wings of the bird of swiftest flight. The simile in the next line is very just and beautiful; "the panting beagle," and the "sent of "the hare." How often did he pant himself after his own little hare.—"In each ramification," that is, in each limb, in each member, the smallest and largest. How affecting! "to his last palpitation," which you may either take to be the last throb of his panting, or the last gasp of his breath. —*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

For my Queen she should be, she herself, and no other,
If no father I had, but myself, or no brother.
Then I'm thine, O, my Love! both in sadness and laughter,
While the world is a world, and for ages thereafter.*

---

† The Commentator's note is lost here—"My Queen she should be." Queen may be here meant metaphorically, as his only idol, if he had no father or brother.—"No father, or brother but myself," may seem somewhat of what they call an Irish bull; but I cannot see that our Author has expressed any where such a partiality for any thing Irish, as would lead us to think that he would look for an Irish expression. I think we are more naturally to attribute it to his own cleverness and elegance. Perhaps the confusion or absurdity in the expression, apparent to a vulgar eye, would seem to an optic, like the Author's, the elegant obscurity of nervousness and brevity. In the same point of view, I think, we may consider the last line, "While the world, &c. and for ages thereafter." I cannot but admire the force and the justness, and the delicacy of the second last line. "O, my "Love! (how tender) in sadness and laughter." A true lover, such as we must consider the Author, from every expression of his, must be always in the skits, or the dumps.—*Editor.*

Digitized by Google

LYRIC V.

AIR—"*My own kind Dear.*"

THIS Air is a very musical one, and peculiarly adapted to a Love Song. The burden of the popular song, "My own kind Dear," is ingeniously brought to close almost every verse of this Ode, which is remarkable for its prettiness and simplicity.—*Comm.*

THOU lovely Charmer of my soul!
My sweetest Darling, dearest Dear!
How does thy letter all controul
My heart, my mind, my eye, my ear!
What gratitude, my Love! I owe
For the sweet things you say to me,
In which, my Love! you let me know,
My own kind dear you e'er will be.*

* It is almost unnecessary to make any comment on this, further than to compare it with the prose passage to the same effect—"Lovely Charmer "of my soul! how can I sufficiently express to my darling Love my thanks

Digitized by Google

Thy dear, thy pretty letter gave
  Such joys to my heart's inmost core,
As will delight me in the grave,
  And when, my Love, I am no more.
Were I to live ten thousand years,
  Aye, more than to eternity,
I could not pay enough in tears,
  If thou my own wilt ever be.*

O, ev'ry day, nay, ev'ry hour,
  Makes one feel more, and more, and more
Thy dimpling smiles, bewitching pow'r,
  And how enchanting thou'rt all o'er.
Each moment tells me how my life,
  And peace, and joy, depend on thee;
Than Ma, Pa, brother, sister, wife,
  Far dearer to me thou'lt e'er be.

How long, long, long, long it appears,
  Since we have parted, O my Love!
Two whole nights longer must my tears
  Bewail the absence of my Dove.

" for her dear dear letter, or the delight which the assurances of her love " give me. O, my Angel!—" No one can read, how her letter controuls every faculty and sense of his, without admiring the ardent sincerity of passion which it betrays. " What gratitude, my Love, I owe!" O what a pity such fond turtles should ever be parted, even by death itself!—*Comm.*

* This is a continuation of the sentiment of the last verse. We may remark the declaration of—" when in his grave, and when he's no more," as

Digitized by Google

But, faithful Dove !* when those two nights,
Which seem two thousand years to me,
Are o'er, I'll clasp in fond delights
That breast, which most dear e'er will be.†

What bliss it gives my doating heart,
To know that thy dear health is well;
Perhaps, my Love, a certain part
Of that fine finish'd form may swell:
And if it swell, O then !—why, why,—
A rosy Cherub we may see,
As sweet as Mother's sparkling eye,
And dear as martial fame to me.

O, how I languish for my Love !
And of aught else can scarcely think,
Except when to my lip I move
The brimming glass with precious drink.

---

the language of extreme passion. Hyperbole is natural to passion. The thought, that—"his tears to eternity could not sufficiently thank her," is a very brilliant, and at the same time affecting one.—*Comm.*

* Bewailing his "faithful Dove." "Faithful Dove!" what a fond name! "The two nights seeming two thousand years," no fancy but the Author's could imagine.—"I'll clasp in fond delights," is the very voice of passion.—*Comm.*

† This is almost the language of the letter—"What a time it appears to "me since we parted! and with what impatience do I look forward for "after to-morrow! There are still, however, two whole nights before I "can clasp my Darling in my arms." The repitition of—"long," is like the repetition of—"fallen, fallen," in Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, in his affecting picture of Darius's condition, and is equally pathetic. How poetical is the personification of his tears!

Digitized by Google

E'en then I think in claret, port,
Or e'en in brandy I view thee:
O, were it so! what fun and sport
Would then with my own Deary be.*

God bless thee still, my soul's best joy!
My own—O, my own dear, dear Love!
How I will all myself employ,
And in thy pleasant service move!
Soon, soon on Bliss's dearest throne,
I'm sure, my Love, I'll welcome be,
For I am thine, and thine alone,
And thou'lt be e'er most dear to me.†

---

* This is an excessively tender verse—"O, how I languish!" &c. How poetic is the thought, that he sees her in the claret, port, and even in the brandy! which is more powerful in driving away all care. Had Anacreon himself ever a finer thought for a lover? And then the conclusion!—"O, "were it so," that is, did I really see thee, or wert thou really here—"what fun and sport we'd have," cannot be sufficiently admired.—*Comm.*

† This is a conclusion every way worthy of this inimitable Ode. The second line in particular. The third and fourth too, "where he will employ "and move himself in her service," are truly amatory. "Love's throne," I need not attempt to explain. The conclusion, that "he is her's and her's "alone," though so often repeated by him, is not, nevertheless, the less agreeable and affecting.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS,

IN VERSE.

ON that pretty, pretty breast,
Let thy Warrior's fingers rest;
Far away, my Darling! far
Be the thoughts and cares of War.
O, my pretty, pretty Pet!
Thou thy Royal Slave wilt let
Take a pretty, pretty nap
On that pretty, pretty lap;
Now a pretty glass of wine
I will pledge, my Love! to thine
Then a pretty, pretty Kiss,
Darling! take, in pretty bliss;
And what follows, then, you know,
Will be pretty *so and so;*
For if I * * * * * * * *

YES, my Love! depend me;
Tonyn, as he is, shall be.

Digitized by Google

How I long, my Love, to press you!
O, bless you, bless you, Dear! Heav'n bless you!

Let us hold our festive Court
Where the dull shall ne'er resort;
Where I'll give myself full fling
In gay sport, and Pleasure's ring;
Wisdom there must never come,
I would rather hear a drum:
Revel, revel! is the word,
To be wise, would be absurd.
O, my Angel! O, my Nun!
Merry riot, merry fun,
We'll enjoy, without e'er thinking;
Kissing, laughing, singing, drinking.

Thou dearest, dearest of the dearest,
My Dear, I hope thou nothing fearest;
For on that dearest, dearest bosom,
My sense and wits, how oft I lose 'em;
And in dear Pleasure's dearest hour
I lose, my Dear, my strength and power.
O, dearer thou than Dijanira,
My dearest Dear! my dear Delilah!

Digitized by Google

For thy dear sweets, and dearest prattle,
Who would not give up goods and chattle?
O, think, my Dear! thou always hearest
Thy dearee sighing, Dearest, dearest!

O, THOU sweety, pretty Roguey!
Is not this a pretty Dog-y
Which I send by Ludovick?
He is well, when he's not sick.
Then, my Love! O, kiss him dearly,
For I love him so sincerely;
Kiss me, then, my bonny Doxy!
As the custom is, by proxy;
Give him full ten thousand kisses,
And, O think they are my blisses:
O, the pretty, pretty Puppy!

O, YES, my belov'd! yon may call me your Momus;
Or, if you'll be my Virgin, why, I'll be your Comus:*
Then kiss me, my Lovely! nor longer be cruel;
What need you be adding to fire fresh fuel?
I swear that your lips and your blisses are sweeter
Than the keys, and the locks, and the rooms of Saint Peter.

BE kind, as ever thou hast been,
My little Angel Goddess Queen!

* I suppose he saw Milton's "Mask of Comus."—*Editor.*

Digitized by Google

And from this hour we'll never part,
While honour's truth is in my heart;
And I will be thy Royal Slave
For evermore, and in the grave.

How do you like the Queenly picture?
O, give me now a pretty stricture!
For your good taste is, Love! so clever,
That *all I have* is yours for ever.
Then if the picture you behold, Love!
The diamonds are as good as gold, Love!
And tho' gold box may hold but gutter,
The gold will buy you bread and butter.

Yes, I'll take care of your good Carter,
For he oft tied up Lovee's garter;
And since you found the lad have merit,
Why, we'll indulge his fiery spirit;
And whoe'er pleases best my dear one,
In wisdom is the far most sheer one;
And will be e'er the prosperous man,
Like the right trusty Donovan;
Who's always anxious to give pleasure
To my delight, and only treasure:
O, Blessings, Blessings, be upon her,
For I am her's, upon my honour.

Digitized by Google

How thy eye my soul entrances
With its dewy fiery glances!
Sure Cupid shot his sharpest arrow
Into my inmost vital marrow;
And when I think on all thy beauty,
I fear I ne'er can do my duty.
O! then I must be always wooing,
Always billing, always cooing.
How could I see thy warm cheek glowing,
Without a Lover's tremors knowing?
O! then I think it high preferment
To kiss the hem of thy lov'd garment;
Be kind, then, Love! one little touch is
Enough for me, or e'en too much is.
Our raptures make my very liver
So strongly palpitate and quiver;
Yet I must always, Love! be suing,
And some pretty, fond thing doing.

Yes, thour't a finer, better *piece*
Than ever shew'd her face in Greece!
My Dear! O would that all my duty
Was but to serve my darling Beauty!
To gaze, and kindle at thy charms,
And life to spend in thy fond arms;
And if it would not be too heavy,
I there would always hold my levee!

Digitized by Google

O, then the goosb'ries would be riper,
While Sawny, Pat, Jack pay the piper.
For no one sure would be in dudgeon,
Except some Jacobine Curmudgeon;
And you should have, my Love! your music,
Tho' Jack himself with grumbling grew sick.

And then your pretty little boy
Will all his pretty pow'rs employ
To give that pretty little toy
Some fond, dear, pretty little joy.

O, MY Love! that Master French
Is worse than any craving wench;
He's always wanting something more,
Tho' he got all you know before.
I'd cut him up, my Darling! long since,
But for my Lovee's pretty nonsense;
And if he does not take good care,
With but a flea in his best ear,
I'll send him off with Master SANDON,
Who perhaps yet may have a brand on.

Digitized by Google

THE following Fragment, it was not till after the preceding part of this publication was sent to the press, that I have been able to decipher. It would seem not to have been written for a considerable time after the foregoing Letters and Poems, as it appears to allude to some transactions of a later period than the years 1804 and 1805, which are the dates of the two Letters, that I have been able to make out entire; or if it was written in either of those years, the Author, in my opinion, must have been an uncommon man, and have possessed the talent of prophecy in a very eminent degree. Perhaps this wonderful talent may have been communicated to him by those immortal Statesmen, whose supernatural insight into futurity is so well attested by the events of every passing day, and whose modest assertions and intuitive predictions of the "crumbling into fragments of all the plans of their enemies,"* are so fully verified by the present state of France, Spain, Sweden, and all the Continent of Europe, and the United States of America. It is to the genius, the *vigour*, and exertions of those expounders of the book of political wisdom, and those astonishing artificers of practical morality, "the continuity and universality of" whose well concerted and *vigourously* executed schemes, have disorganized all the systems, and defeated all the enterprizes of Napoleon, and filled all the shores of Europe, from

* See the Correspondence of Mr. Canning and Mr. Pinckney.

Digitized by Google

the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and the ports of America, from one extremity to the other, with our commerce and manufactures; it is to the "*universality and continuity*" of the genius and vigour of those men, that the population of this country is to look for the cause and the source of their lightened burthens and taxes, of the daily augmenting rewards of industry, and the increasing demand for labour, and of the plenty and prosperity which are so widely diffused all over the land. Of the merits of this illustrious band, by whose *able* and *energetic* guidance their country has been safely harboured in the port of so much happiness and glory, my inclination would carry me to speak more at large, were I not fully aware, how more than superfluous the panegyric of any individual on them is rendered by the loud voice of public opinion, both at home and abroad. At home, who is there, even to the lowest cottager, who does not most *sensibly* feel their integrity and zeal in bringing to light and punishing *all corruption*, or even *connivance* at *corruption*, and their generous disinterestedness and indefatigable ardour in reforming abuses and restraining profusion and waste of the public revenues, so evident in all their attempts, down from Lord Melville's business, to that which has so recently agitated the nation? Abroad, does not all the Continent of Europe and America, and, I may say, all the world, resound with eulogiums on their good faith and honourable scrupulosity in the observance of all the laws of honesty, morality, and generosity, so highly displayed in their conduct towards Denmark and America, and on the wisdom, vigour, and efficacy of their counsels and measures, so fully illustrated by Sweden, Spain, and Portugal? The Author of these Poems, though apparently not one of this patriotic phalanx, seems, by his drawing their characters, so much

Digitized by Google

the *con amore* representation, to have been so closely connected with them, that every admirer of *his abilities* and *truth*, and of *their integrity* and *wisdom*, must, I am sure, most fervently pray, that the fate of *him*, who relied so much on *their* exertions for security, and of *them* whose purity gave him such good grounds for reliance, may be the same. I am convinced every Briton will join in the sentiment, that "'tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished for."....

Editor.

Digitized by Google

* * * * * * * * *

MY dearest Dear, then you are mine?
O, welcome as the best of wine!
Ne'er, on my honour, shall Disgrace
Stare my dear Darling in the face:
And you may always, Love, defy
The threats of Jail or Pillory.*
For are not you my own, my own,
And I, to death, yours, yours alone?
Then dash, and flash, and take full fling,
With joy and pleasure on the wing.
And be ever, ever gay,
And make life a holyday,
Nor ever, ever look askance
At any dear extravagance:
For you're as worthy, aye, and more,
Of revel, riot, rant and roar,
I swear by that dear little hand,
As any lady in the land:
O, then, be ever, ever gay,
You know, my Darling, who must pay.
What is't to thee, if Jack Bull grumble?
Why, though the Heav'ns above should rumble,
And in their dreadest thunders speak,
Until their very bowels break,

* Did any one ever threaten her with disgrace or infamy, with the pillory or Bastile.

Digitized by Google

And Earth too mingle in the growl,
And Hell itself loud join the howl,
And all combine with swinish Jack,*
And roar for his *sore broken* back;
And then the Edinburgh Review,
And that rough fellow, Cobbett, too,
Should all lament the case of Jack,
And weep and wail until they crack;
What need we fear for any fling,
While that *right merry Droll*, Canning;
That Mountebank, though not in place,
With flourish, nonsense, and grimace,
With insolent smart flout, as wit,
And bombast-mining Genius' flight,
Who'd, to keep ALL THE VIGOUR floating,
In seas most dreadful still be boating;
And fire his pop-gun, to resemble
The thunder, that makes nations tremble;
And when he desolation sends
'Midst peaceful unsuspecting friends,
Thinks that the shake of his bald pate,
As Jove's own nod is dread and great;
A good buffoon, gross, pompous, apish;
And Perceval, who hates a Papish,
(For Friday meals of sprat and salmon,
Rather than beef or bacon gammon,) †

* Swinish Jack, *id est* of the swinish multitude.—*Comm.*

† See page 55.

Digitized by Google

And who'd, through holy fervour faint,
At not being thought as good *a saint*,
As e'er for Orthodoxy's sake,
Tied sinner Heterodox to Stake,
Or e'er in piety could pigeon
A people for the true religion,
Or chouse a gen'rous, suffering Nation,
Out of her wits for soul's salvation,
And then adroitly pick her pocket,
By throwing up Devotion's rocket;
And Haweksbury, who e'er for war is,
And jumping in a jump to Paris,
Who'll ne'er grant aught to Reason, Fear,
Or Right in Ireland, or e'en here,
Alike sees Tilsit and the Bog,
And French, and Dane, and Irish Dog,
And joins his brother Canning's thunder,
To knock friends unsuspecting under;
And thinks, same right burns Copenhagen,
As Irish Catholic or Pagan;
And Castlereagh, who is like hearty,
As Miller's dog, to either party,
Which will receive him, and will pay,
Full like that Vicar wise of Bray,
Whose prudence thought it most absurd
To mind an idle breath, *his word*,
Or stick by Promise or by Honour,
When Honour was not Fortune's donor;

Digitized by Google

Or not, through Promise's wide breach,
Leap over Honour's barren ditch,
To share in warm *Place golden* day,
Though King should fall, and Country pay:——
Like staunch, cold-blooded, steady hound,
Still sticking to the right scent found:
While these can shew us full fair play,
Ne'er fear, my Love, to be most gay:
They ne'er will leave us in the lurch,
While they can cover all by "*Church*,"
And hush vex'd Jack's most ireful anger,
By crying out—"the Church in danger!"
And drown his loudest moan or cry,
By the sweet notes—"no Popery:"
Then never fear Jack's groans or whines,
While those same *lawyerly Divines*
And *lord Apostles* are in *Place*,
They'll make me out a Boy of grace:—
Then dash, dear Darling, dash away!
With horses, carriage, op'ra, play;
Nor ever, ever fear expence,
While Jack has either goods or pence,
And those same *anti-Papists*, who,
I'll say, to give the devil his due,
Are as good hacks as e'er felt spurs,
(Though, for herself, they say puss purrs),
Have words, and impudence, and tricks,
And keep by such like politics.

Digitized by Google

The Treasury purse, O! never fear
To make one Christmas all the year,
And leave no corner in your house
Unfit for tastiest City Mouse,
And have all merriment and glee,
Carousal, sport, and revelry.
You know you ne'er need vex your Fredy
For any, Darling, of the *Ready!*
Only use well your own commission,
And drink—"*A fig for the Opposition!*"
You may be up to all the riggs,
In spite of all the cross-grain'd *Whigs;*
In spite of all the patriot fret,
Of Wardle, Whitbread, and Burdett,
And Folkestone's honest discontent,
And Romilly's clear argument,
Or any one who e'er wore Brogue on,
Or Irish Finnerty, or Hogan.
For e'en should any thing betide,
I need but step awhile aside,
And put—— pugh! nonsense, the disgrace!
And put some Puppet in my place,
To shew how well can *Wisdom* manage,
Wisdom as great in second nonage!
And then Dismissal is a bubble,
I'll have the gains, but not the trouble!
And when Jack's boorish fit is over,
I then may break my gawzy *cover,*

Digitized by Google

And with head high as any Gander,
Be call'd again the Chief Commander;
And then like him, what do they call him?
When Hercules, I think, did fall him,
Who got up stronger from the earth,
Which, said my tutors, gave him birth,
A strange, but faith! a right good mother
I then may get up such another;
For near a-kin, I think, to clod
I am as any son of sod;
Then big as Irish giant, O'Brien,
And "as from mane shakes dew the lion,"
I'll shake all shackles from my shoulder,
And walk with firmer step, and bolder!
And be more steady in my power
Than e'en before the drizzling shower:
As heretofore in this same Nation,
After, I think, the Restoration,
Brave Charles the Second did far more
Than drew his Sire's last drop of gore.
(You see I know some ancient story,)
And then, when I regain my glory,
Why, then I'll do what I've a-mind,
And let Jack whistle 'gainst the wind;
Then, Darling! great as Alexander,
Ne'er fear to revel, riot, squander.

* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

* From p. 50. A good buffoon, gross, pompous apish,
And Perceval, who hates a Papish,
(For Friday meals of sprat and salmon
Rather than beef or bacon gammon.)

And a very good reason for hating them it is too. We would let them abstain, or eat fish, or eat nothing, on Sunday, or Monday, or any other day in the week, but just on those days on which they chuse to do so. Then is it not very unreasonable in them not to please us in this respect, rather than themselves? Those celebrated Manikins, the Laputians and Liliputians, waged most bloody and dreadful wars for a cause almost equally serious. The breaking of an egg at one end rather than at the other, was a sufficient reason with those wise nations for persecuting each other with the bitterest rancour, for bathing each other in gore, and bringing on themselves the most terrible calamities. Our famous Manikin, Mr. Perceval, has this glorious example to justify his hatred of those who do not eat what he chuses on a Friday. Besides, eating the meat is a matter of much greater consequence than breaking the shell; and when Mr. Perceval, who has proved himself such a friend to truth and justice, and such an enemy to *corruption* and *abuse* on all occasions, tells us, that the Papists, for eating fish on a Friday, ought to be more detested by the Protestants, who eat flesh on that day, than the Laputians for breaking the egg at the small end, were by the Liliputians, who broke it at the large end, how can the Protestants withhold their belief from him, especially when they consider what a stickler for *purity* and the *right* side of the question he has always proved himself, and what abundance of flesh he is likely to leave the Protestants themselves to eat on Friday, or on any other day? To be sure, some silly persons may say, that the Liliputians may digest their eggs very well, and live very healthily and happily, though the Laputians were allowed to go on, as long as they chose, breaking their eggs at the small end; and that, indeed, it is not clear to this day which of them, the Liliputians or Laputians, were right; as it is a point upon which naturalists and metaphysicians are not agreed as yet, which end of the egg should be broken. Those silly folks, who argue in this silly manner, will say, that, by the same rule, our flesh (while our Chancellors and Taxers leave us flesh), may agree with us on a Friday as well if the Catholics eat fish as if they eat flesh. They may go farther yet, and say, that the Catholics have as much reason to require of the Protestants to eat fish on a Friday, as the Protestants have to require of them to eat flesh; and that, as the Protestant religion is built on Liberty of Conscience, the Protestants cannot, with any consistency, deny the same liberty that they assume themselves, to the Ca-

Digitized by Google

tholics. But our honest and *incorrupt* Chancellor of the Exchequer, our Liliputian, Mr. Perceval, knows better. He could tell us, that those who believe they eat their God in a bit of a wafer cannot be loyal, or cannot love their country, or fight for its liberty or security, and are worse than wizards, and more frightful than hobgoblins. Others will say, that the ancient Egyptians, who believed leeks and onions were Gods, were very fond of their country, and fought for her very bravely, and were very good subjects, and lived on very good terms with each other; and that the old Greeks and Romans believed equally silly things, and yet were the pride of the world, and the glory of mankind. They will also say, that our great and good Alfred, and our great Henrys and Edwards, were Catholics, and believed at least as much as the Catholics now a-days do, and yet were not raw-head and bloody-bones, nor would frighten a child from the breast, nor a horse from his oats, by their very appearance, but were and are the boast and honour of our country;—therefore, they will say, that the Catholics now a-days may eat fish on a Friday, and believe in the real presence, and still be good neighbours and good citizens. But the *incorrupt* Mr. Perceval can tell us otherwise; and Mr. Perceval is an honest man; and the *incorrupt* Lord Castlereagh can support him, and Lord Castlereah surely is an honest man too. Though Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt told us that the Catholics may be honest men, the incorruptible Perceval, and the incorruptible Castlereagh, and the disinterested Hawkesbury, and all the incorruptibles, the *discoverers* and *punishers* of Corruption, can say otherwise, and the incorruptibles are honest men; all, all honest men! Mr. Fox told us, that it would be better for us to have upwards of four millions of men to fight with us and for us against Buonaparte, and let them eat fish on whatever day they chuse, and let them believe in the real presence, and believe that the Virgin Mary was a respectable woman, than drive them, by forcing them, or endeavouring to force them to eat flesh on a Friday, and to believe that the Virgin was a sinner, to fight with Buonaparte and his forty millions of subjects, and his sixty millions of allies, against us, who would be reduced by the desertion, to eleven millions. But Mr. Perceval can tell us otherwise; and Lord Hawkesbury can tell us that we would seem to act through a sense of fear, if we were to grant the Catholics justice; and that therefore it would be unmanly in us not to keep them amongst the number of our enemies; and that the more enemies we have, the less disgrace we shall have in falling, and being ruined. And Lord Hawkesbury is an honest man; nay, and a good prophet too. Mr. Fox told us, that we made the Catholics of Canada loyal and fast friends to our Constitution, by giving them all its privileges, though they eat fish on a Friday, and believed in the real presence; and that we would, by a like conduct to

Digitized by Google

them, make the Catholics of Ireland and England equally loyal. But Mr. Perceval, and Lord Hawkesbury, and all their body of Incorruptibles, say otherwise; and Mr. Perceval and Lord Hawkesbury are honest men; so are they all, all honest men! Mr. Fox told us that the Catholics lived on very good terms with the Protestants in America, and were as fond of their country and constitution as the Protestants, because they had equal rights and justice; and that the Catholic here and in Ireland would be equally attached to the Constitution as the Protestants are, if he had the same benefits by it that the Protestants have. But Mr. Perceval and his friends say otherwise; and they are honest men. Mr. Fox told us, that "divide et "impera," "divide and command," was always the maxim of the Minister of corruption, peculation, and oppression; because, while the people are busied in fighting amongst themselves, and contending with heart and mind about breaking the egg at the small or the large end, the Minister, who has stirred up the tumult, and keeps up the sport, has the best opportunity possible for pilfering from them their rights and properties; as a pick-pocket often kicks up a squabble in the streets, that he may with the greater facility and safety be handling the pockets of those, whose attention is drawn off from him. But Mr. Perceval and his patriot band say otherwise; and sure Mr. Perceval and his patriots never *picked the pocket of any of us*; and Mr. Perceval and his patriots are honest men. Mr. Fox told us that the bundle of rods, while it was kept together, could not be broken; and that, in like manner, if we were united, and if we stuck together, we could not be broken or crushed by oppression or tyranny from within, or subjection or enslavement from abroad; but that the rods, when separated from each other, were easily broken; and that thus, division and discord were the preparatives which corruption made use of with us, to open the gates for despotism or subjugation. But Mr. Perceval and Lord Hawkesbury, and their Incorruptibles, say otherwise; and we all know they never told a lie, or spoke against the truth, and are therefore honest and honourable, nay, right honourable men.—*Comm.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google